

8th June 75  
£38  
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P I L

F O R

Pork-Eaters:

O R, A

SCOTS LANCET

F O R A N

*English Swelling.*

---

*Curs'd be the Man (what do I wish? as tho'  
The Wretch already were not so;  
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave  
And great, his Country to enslave. Cowley.*

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———Tolluntur in altum  
Ut lapsu graviori ruant.——— *Claudian.*  
Cuncta prius tentanda, sed Immedicabile Vulnus  
Ense Recedendum.——— *Ovid.*

---

To which is added the *ENGLISHMAN's* Grace over his  
Pock-Pudding,  
With *Robert the Third's* Answer to *Henry the fourth of*  
*England.*

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*EDINBURGH,*  
Printed in the Year *MDCCV.*

\* 45-998



## Advertisement.

**B**E it known to all true honest hearted Scotsmen, That England is now turn'd Bully; and commands you in the Name of Dependency, to beware how you stand any more upon your Privileges, as a Free State: Since there's a considerable Book of Five hundred Pages, with a swinging long Chain of Musty Spurious Records, as true as the History of Don Quixot and Rosenante; all strongly hammer'd out by Mr. Justice Logwood (alias Atwood) the Mungrel, Hackney-State-scribler in Ordinary to Old England; which is sufficient to hang up all your Privileges out of hand, as you have lately done Green, &c.

Moreover, Old England gives you to know, That you're mightily mistaken to think, that this present, or any other Period or Juncture whatsoever, can afford you any Hopes of a Manumission from the Slavery you've now so patiently bore for these Hundred Years past, since the Union of the Crowns, your Liberties being now forfeited by Prescription.

This being granted, England boldly tells you, and will endeavour to make it good, if she can, That you've no Right to choose a Successor to Her present Majesty; Nor the Liberty to make good Laws for the Security of your most valuable Interests; Nor to make Reprisals; Or Judge of the Demerits of Englishmens Crimes; Or to hang up their Pirates.

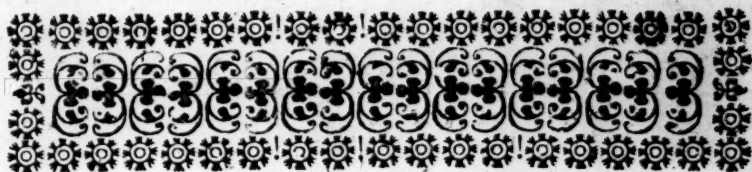
I think him indeed a very ill Scotsman, who from any private End or Interest, wou'd endeavour to augment the present Differences betwixt the Two Nations; yet if this be (as I take it) our Case with England, I think, we've but a very sturvy Time on't. How far the Project of an Intire Union, now so much talkt of, may mend the Matter, I shall not presume to determine: A true Union consists, and is founded chiefly, on the Oneness and Sympathy of Tempers, both of Nations and Persons. From what Ground then, we are to hope for such an Union with a Nation, who at once Despise, Hate, and still Fear us, to a great Degree, let considering Men judge: And it were easie to make it appear (considering the present Posture of Affairs) that such an Union is morally impossible.

The Duke of Roan, in his Interest of Princes, Complements England with this Character, That 'it is like a mighty Animal, which cannot be destroy'd but by it self. If we can but apply this to our selves, in relation to our present Circumstances with England, I'll engage they shall alter their Measures in a short Time: For did they not know our Weak-side but too well, they would never suffer such Billingsgate Rogues, as the Authors of the Ointment for a Scotch Mange, and of Green's Elegy, (and their Newgate Newsmonger Dyer too) to vent such scandalous Libels, and to brand our Country with the basest Villanies in such opprobrious Terms. But since they allow such Things to pass publickly unprov'd, with the Printers and Book-sellers Names affixt, I think we may be allowed to pay 'em fairly home, tho' not in such a Rascally Way, yet I'm sure with a great deal more Truth.

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## *A PIL for Pork-Eaters, &c.*

**H**EAVENS! Are we such a servile Nation grown,  
 Beneath our Ancestors so vastly thrown,  
 That every *English* scribbling Tool o' late,  
 (Base Miscreants, and Vermin of the State,  
 Hir'd by the Mob, and licens'd now to prate) }  
 Dares thus arraign our Justice and our Laws,  
 And make *Three Villains Lives* a Nation's Cause?  
 Villains! whose Crimes to such a Pitch were flown,  
 And blackest Guilt so ripe for Vengeance grown,  
 That Heaven it self no longer cou'd forbear,  
 Nor cou'd they shun their just Destruction here,  
 Where Lenity and Clemency abounds,  
 And rigid Laws are kept within their Mounds.

HAD we pack't Juries, such damn'd hellish Things,  
 By which you *decently* have Murder'd *Kings*?  
 What *England* says, cou'd hardly be withstood;  
 Nor cou'd we clear our selves from guiltless Blood.  
 No, no;

HERE were no Juries of old *Bradshaw's* Spawn, }  
 Who for Revenge, their Necks and Souls would pawn;  
 But strongest Proofs, from solid Grounds were drawn;  
 A Heap of Proofs; nay Providence concurr'd,  
 To shew the Wretches were by Heav'n abhorr'd:  
 A long Detail of which were needless here,  
 They're so well known, and buzz'd in every Ear:

So

So Evident they were, so Clear and Plain,  
 Our Judges still untainted shall remain,  
 And none but spiteful *English* Rogues complain.

BUT *England's* Insolent and Proud like Hell,  
 Whose saucie Boldness nought but Blows can quell,  
 Dare now our Laws and Sentences canvass,  
 And Censures on our justest Pleadings pass;  
 Tho' many pregnant Instances declare,  
 What's scarce allow'd for bare Presumptions here,  
 Wou'd serve to hang a Hundred *Scotsmen* there.  
 But if by Providence a *Tarr* is driven  
 Upon our Coasts, and here a Villain proven,  
 Let him be *English*, and the Devil to boot,  
 He dies a white and spotless Saint no doubt;  
 Our Magistrates and Church-men are abus'd,  
 And we as *Thieves* and *Murderers* accus'd:  
 For *Drummond* is at *Madagascar* still,  
 So say your *Post-Knights*, credit them who will.  
 But had we here Ten thousand Pounds laid down,  
 For each your Squires, who swear for Half-a-Crown,  
 Then *England* for its Treachery shou'd mourn,  
 Be forc'd to fawn, and truckle in its Turn:  
*Scots* Pedlars you no longer durst upbraid,  
 And *DARIEN* shou'd with Interest be repaid.  
 For 'tis not Courage, but the Cash we want,  
 To make Proud *England* her base Threats recant.

MAY *England* for its Luxury be damn'd,  
 Base *Epicures* with *Pork* and *Pudding* cramm'd:  
 Let *Surfeits* in thy Families prevail,  
 Till each disgorge a Soul at every Meal;  
 And Gormandizing be thy chiefest Trade,  
 Till all thy Sons of Luxury be dead:  
 Of thy great Chiefs how few wou'd there remain;  
 To Conquer you, would be no Valour then.  
 And *London*, thou curs'd *Sodom* o' the Isle,  
 Who drains our Wealth, and laughs at us the while;  
 Not

Not these Four guilty Cities o' the Plain,  
On which Just Heav'n did Fire and Brimstone rain,  
Cou'd match thy nameless Crimes, who now art grown  
Hell's great Original, thy self alone.

AND thou curs'd Villain, who dar'st thus reproach  
Our State, and such base lying Scandals broach:  
Scandals for which thy *Blood* must be the Price,  
Tho' far too mean and base a Sacrifice:  
Mayest thou in monumental Chains be hung,  
And Carbonado'd be thy stand'ring Tongue;  
And when thy silent Ghost shall wandring go,  
Abandon'd to the gloomy Shades below;  
May it return, and these Credentials bring,  
*That Green and Madder did most justly swing.*

DAMN'D be that Hackney-pen that durst traduce  
Great H-----n, our Noblest Patriot, thus:  
'Gainst this Brave Patriot thou hast belch'd thy worst,  
Ev'n what thy boldest Heroes never durst.  
Thy Country such a Patriot ne're cou'd match,  
Whom no Preferments, nor no Baits can catch:  
Whate're the Court cou'd bid, this Prince withstood,  
He sweats and toils to do his Country good:  
For what are these to such a Mind as His,  
Whom Heav'n hath taught what truest Honour is?  
Whose Country's Int'rest, now almost undone,  
He still pursues, regardless of His own.  
May Heav'n with Success Crown His brave Design,  
And may no *English* Plots His Counsels undermine;  
May they when hatch'd, abortive still remain,  
That we may yet be Happy once again.

CURS'D be the Day (for then we were betray'd)  
When first our King the *English* Scepter sway'd.  
Since when such fatal Slav'ry we have bore,  
As never State nor Kingdom did before:  
From neighbouring States we no Assistance crav'd;  
We scorn'd by Foreign Yokes to be enslav'd;

Had

Had Wealth at Home, Alliances Abroad;  
 Yea of our Friendship *France* it self was proud;  
 Each *Scot* was brave, with Noble Courage fir'd;  
 Our Court Polite, and every where admir'd.  
 Thus from a Nation full of Power and Fame,  
 We're dwindl'd to a Thing, scarce worth a Name,  
 But shall we still be so ! why sure we shan't,  
 And *England* for her Mischief may repent:  
 Yea my Prophetick Stars do tell me sure,  
 That *Scotland* for Her Wrongs shall find a Cure.

UNGENEROUS *England* ! at this savage Rate,  
 Still to abuse a free and neighbouring State !  
 Why are we thus so much despis'd and scorn'd,  
 As if we were they Tributaries turn'd ?  
 Or is it true, what Mungrel *Atwood* says,  
 That by a Chain of long Dependencies,  
 We are born Vassals to the *English* Crown,  
 And that we therefore ought to be run down ?  
 If so, then let Us tamely bear Our Wrongs,  
 With unperforming Swords, and silent Tongues:  
 Yea, let Us all Our Just Resentments hide,  
 And calmly truckle to your Hellish Pride.  
 Forbid it Heaven ! let's boldly claim our Right;  
 Let *England* Bully, but let *Scotland* Fight:  
 And let another *Bannockburn* redress,  
 Too long endur'd Affronts and Grievances:  
 Our Country, now oppress'd, shall then produce  
 Hero's, like DOUGLAS, WALLACE and the BRUCE,  
 Who *England's* Insolencies dare chastise,  
 When *Scotland's* Liberties shall be the Prize.

BRUCE with scarce *Twenty thousand* durst oppose  
 A *Hundred thousand* saucy *English* Foes;  
 Who's daring *General*, had sworn to bring  
 Our Prince alive to his Proud *English* King:  
 He marches straight, with many a threatening Boast,  
 And meets our Prince, but found him to his Cost.

The



The brave enraged *BRUCE* struck such a Blow,  
 As almost cleft the haughty Slave in two:  
 Then valiant *Scots* with Fury did advance,  
 And Death triumphing, sat on every Lance;  
 While glittering Swords, like Lightning from the Sky,  
 Made all their scatter'd Troops with Horror fly.  
 Great was the Success of that Glorious Day,  
 When Fifty thousand *English* fell a Prey  
 To greedy Death, who glutted, now gave o're,  
 While *Scotland's* Fields o'reflow'd with *English* Gore.

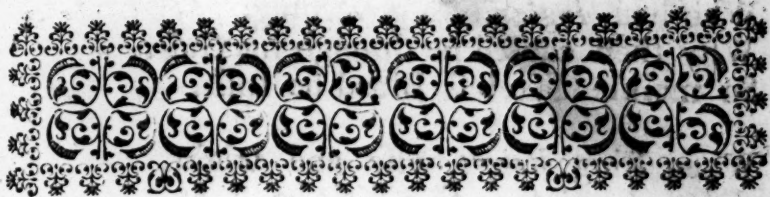
THUS did our Great Forefathers purchase Fame;  
 And dare not *We*, their Offspring, do the same?  
 No, no, (says *England*) this you dare not do;  
 Ye are our *Slaves*, and must continue so:  
 But if in Peace you are inclin'd to live,  
 Upon such Terms as we think fit to give,-----  
*Well! what are these?*-----Here *England* cuts you short,  
 And tells you, you're but *Pensioners at Court*;  
 And if we have but Gold enough in Store,  
 Check to your, King we bar your Successor,  
*Scotland* remove the Check, or you in vain  
 Strive to be free from your Inglorious Chafn,  
 Unless you from this cursed Gold abstain;  
 But *separate* from the Rooks, if you be wise,  
 ynd their alluring Baits, with Scorn despise.  
 Let us no more be bubbld and abus'd,  
 Nor with their Shamms of *Union* more amus'd;  
 'Tis nothing but a treacherous Decoy,  
 To bring us to their Measures, then destroy  
 The Rights and Just Pretences of our Crown,  
 And jeer and laugh at us when they have done;  
 To Prophecy, tho' I have no Pretence,  
 Yet I'll adventure to Divine for once;  
 When Swans grow Black, and Ravens shall grow White  
 Proud *England* then with *Scotland* shall unite;  
 Unless we purge 'em with some warlike Pills,  
 And tame their Insolence against their Wills.



Then to our Aid let's call our Forces strait,  
 Who gave to *England* such Renown of late;  
 The *English* were the Conquerors proclaim'd,  
 While injur'd *Scots* were to Oblivion damn'd:  
 Yet had not ORKNEY and our Troops been there,  
 Who in these Victories claim such a Share;  
 Few Trophies then to *England* had been brought,  
 Nor *Schellenberg* nor *Blenheim*, so well fought.  
 Let's then begin, dare to be Wise and Brave;  
 Let us unite, and Heaven's Protection crave,  
 And manage well that Little which we have:  
 Less than that Little, which doth yet remain,  
 May chance to bring us, what we've lost, again.

LET no brib'd fawning Parasite be here,  
 Who cheats his Country to enrich his Heir;  
 Be each a S----- full of Generous Fire,  
 And may his Genius every Breast inspire;  
 A Genius past the Reach of *English* Gold,  
 Great and refin'd, cast in no common Mould:  
 Were all thy Peers, O *Scotland*! such as he,  
 It were impossible to Conquer thee.  
 But let our Chiefs all factious Broils oppose,  
 And join together in our common Cause.  
 Insulting *England* to her Cost shall know,  
 What Brave united *Scotsmen* then can do,  
 When our best Troops are at thy Borders rang'd,  
 Then *CALEDONIA*'s Wrongs shall be reveng'd:  
 Our *Highlanders* thy City-walls shall greet,  
 And *Gillicrankies* rattle *Lombard-street*.  
 Then shall your City-Cuckolds keep a Pother,  
 And in such Jargon talk to one another:  
 So ho, Jack, Tom, Gadzooks what shall we do?  
 The Scotch in earnest are upon us now;  
 Zounds, Harie, there's no Help, but buckle to:  
 We now must treat, and with the Scotch agree;  
 For as they're Valiant, so they must be free:  
 We must our foolish Shamms and Plots give o're,  
 The Scotch we, find, will be oppress'd no more.

F I N I S.



ROBERT the Third,

KING of

SCOTLAND,

HIS

ANSWER to a Summons sent  
Him by *Henry* the Fourth of  
*England*, to do Homage for the  
Crown of *Scotland*.

**D**uring the Reign of the Royal *Robert*,  
The Second of the good *Stewart*;  
*Henrie* of *England* the feard King  
To *Scotland* sent and ask'd this thing;  
To spier at *Robert*, "Why he not made

" Him Homage for his Lands braid,

" For why, he ought of Heretage,

" At *London* to do him Homage:

" And

“ And that in Right of *Brutus* King,  
 “ Who had *Ingland* in governing.  
 “ Why then caused he through his Guilt,  
 “ So meikle sakeless Blood be spilt.

When King *Robert*, wife and wight,  
 Had heard and seen this Writ be sight;  
 Therefore he grew full matalent  
 To tell his Barons of his Intent,  
 He call'd a Council to *Sirivling* Town  
 And there came Lords of great Renown,  
 And at them all he ask'd of it  
 If he should answer be his awn Wit:  
 The Lords were all faine of that Thing,  
 And referr'd it to their Noble King;  
 So without Council of onie Man,  
 To Dyte and Write the King began.  
 This was the Effect of his Writing,  
 All is sooth and nae Liefing.  
 I *Robert*, be God's Might  
 King of the *Scots* and *Isles* be Right,  
 From Hight of Hills to thee Ocean Sea,  
 Our Heretage was ever free;  
 To thee *Hary* of *Lancafter*,  
 Thy 'Pyftle I have confidered well.  
 Duke of that *Ilk*, thou should be call'd,  
 It was thy righteous Style of auld;  
 But nae King I will call thee,  
 For hurting of Kings Majestie;  
 For I will take nae Heeding  
 Of thy unrighteous Invading;  
 For what was right (as is well known)  
 Ye all defould within your awn:

But

But we will do you understand  
 What we declare forenent *Scotland*.  
 Your inward Tale we have well seen,  
 Baith first and last what you do mean;  
 Therefore thou shalt an Answer have,  
 E'en by my Self, attour the Leave;  
 The first Point is, God Witnefs bear,  
 No Blood for me be spilt in Weir,  
 But giff it be in my Defence,  
 Through thy usurping Violence.  
 And whereas that thou writest thus,  
 Since born were Sons to Old *Brutus*,  
 That our Antecessors should be,  
 Servants to Yours in ilk Degree;  
 Thou Lyeft, thereof it is well knawn,  
 We was ay free within our awn.  
 Albeit *John Balioll* made a Band,  
 Contrair the Right of fair *Scotland*.  
 That he was false we will defend  
 With Lives and Fortunes to the End;  
 For our Heretage was ever Free,  
 Since *Scota* of *Egypt* tuik the Sea,  
 Whilft ye have ever conquered been:  
 For a Thousand Pounds of Gold Schein  
 To *Julius Cæsar* Payit yee,  
 Of Tribute, thus ye was not free;  
 With *Saxons* syne ye were or'thrawn,  
 With them twa Chiftans of your awn,  
 And other Folks in Company,  
 All Soldiers born in *Germany*,  
 Came with sik Power in great Haft  
 That made your Lands baith bair and waift;  
 And slew your Gentles of *Ingland*  
 At *Salysbury* as I understand,

In Taking is the Hingand Stanes,  
 That there were set up for their Names ;  
 In *Latin* is a Memorial,  
 That *Saxons* had orset you all.  
 Then *Harald*, the Son of *Denmark* King,  
 The third Time raise o're you to Reign,  
 And in ilk House, as is well knawn,  
 You were defould within your awn ;  
 They occupied your Maids and Wives :  
 In Bondage thus ye led your Lives.  
 When this was done and all by past,  
 The fourth Conquest approached fast ;  
 A Bastard came out of *Normandy*,  
 Conquest *Ingland* all haillily ;  
 And yet amongst you Reigns that Blood,  
 And mikle uther that is nae good :  
 Gif thou trows not this true to be,  
 The Register read and thou shalt see.  
 Thus four Times thirld and overharld  
 You're the great Refuse of all the Warld ;  
 Nor got thou Righteous thy self to Reigne,  
 Thy awn Realm kenns well this Thing ;  
 At *London* thou Swair in Parliment,  
*Ingland* Ten Years thou should absent ;  
 Then wast thou manifestly mansworn,  
 Or ever three Years was out worn  
 Thou raise Treasonably for to Reigne,  
 And slew *Richard* thy Native King.  
 Forsooth the Proverb tells of this,  
 Whilk often times true founden is :  
 Flyte with thy Neighbour, and he will tell  
 All the Mischiefs that thee beset :  
 But *Scotland*, yet, I dare well say  
 Was ever free unto this day,

Nor



Nor never stranger weer'd our Crown  
 Except of late a Manfwrn Lown,  
 That was *Longshanks* call'd *Edward*,  
 Tuik on him to declare the Pairt  
 Between the *Bruce* and *John Balion*,  
 Then through your false illusion,  
 Where that *John Balioll* had no right,  
 And so tuik Treasonably to hauld by Right  
 Castles and Strengths of our Country,  
 Your *Edward* tuik most Cheatingly,  
 When *William Wallace*, wight and wise,  
 Right worthily rescued us Thrice;  
 Then Valiant *Bruce* right racklesly  
 First tint, syne wan us worthily;  
 With him was *Graham* and the *Dowglass*  
 That prov'd full well in many a Place,  
 And *Thomas Randolf* wise and wight,  
 There was not then a worthier Knight:  
 Then thir expelled your false Barnage,  
 And fred our Realm of all Thirlage.  
 If you trow us not of this,  
 Sixty Thousand you well did miss,  
 At *Bannockburn* discomfist was,  
 And your false King away did pass  
 Throw an inborn Traytour, as was well ken'd,  
 In *Ingland* free he did him send,  
 Or else we then had tane your King  
 Who had *Ingland* in governing.  
 When an Year comen was and gane,  
 Then *Edward* of *Carnarven*  
 Discomfist he was at *Byland*,  
 By Messengers I understand,  
 Sir *Walter Stewart* then in hy,  
 He chased him all openly

'Twixt *Scarborough* Castle he him chaf's'd,  
 Syne to his Host return in hast;  
 But then the Clergy of *England*  
 Renewed again with stalwart Hand,  
 At *Newtown* as it was well known,  
 Where hastily they were or'thrawn  
 By the good *Dowglass*, sooth to say,  
 And *Thomas Randolph* Earle of *Murray*,  
 There Thirty, Thonsand were dung to Dead,  
 Withouten Succour or Remeid;  
 Syne after that, *Robert the Bruce*  
 Took hail State, and could reduce  
*Northumberland* all to himsell,  
 As many Cronicles can tell.  
 Then ye were fain from Weirs to cease,  
 And fought by Marriage for a Peace,  
 Begging our Prince the *Bruce Davie*  
 On your Dame *Jean* to play a Pavie.  
 Ye made this evident, and drew a Band  
 Under the great Seal of *England*,  
 Whilk we have plainly for to shaw,  
 The Verity if ye will knaw.  
 All this is true, I'll testifie,  
 And prove it on Sixty against Sixty,  
 Or Fortie for Fortie, giff You like,  
 Or Twentie to Twentie of ilk Kinrick,  
 Or Nine, Aught, Seven, Four, Three, or Two  
 Born of Ancient Blood also,  
 Or Hand to Hand if You think meet,  
 And so, Sir Duke, I do you Greet.

F I N I S.

*The ENGLISHMAN'S Grace over  
his Pock-Pudding.*

Before Meat.

Joy of my Heart, and Comfort of my Life,  
I love thee better than my S---l or Wife:  
My only Prayer is, D---n my S---l and B---d,  
But most devoutly pray for the fair Food.  
'Tis true, a Wife can kiss and Warm the Skin,  
But thou'rt a Cordial to my all within.  
*Briareus* had an hundred Hands to fight.  
And *Argus* had as many Eyes for Sight:  
Would Heaven as many Stomachs give to me,  
How freely would I give them all to thee.  
How meanly was I made of Dust and Clay,  
Base Things, which every Beggar throws away:  
But I've renewed myself, for I am now  
Intirely transubstantiate in you.  
How many Nations are in Kin to me?  
As many as Ingredients in thee.  
From the *West-Indies* doth the Sugar come,  
The Wine and Fruits from *Spain* to bless my Womb;  
The Flower and Eggs from our *English* Soil,  
A rare Reward for all the Farmer's Toil,  
The Waters and the Earth are plow'd for thee:  
O my dear Pudding, thou'rt a H-----n to me.  
On Cakes and Crowdy lives an hungry *Scot*,  
But O the Blessings of an *English* Pot,  
When papling, that's sweet Musick in mine Ear,  
But on the Table, O the charming Cheer.  
The *Jews* beg *Canaan's* Blessing Milk and Honey,  
But *English* Christians, Pudding, Pork and Money.

D---n

D-----n me, if I care who the D----l be K---g;  
 If I get Pork and Pudding in his Reign.  
 Lord, let us never want them when we dine,  
 The Pudding be ours and all the Praise be thine.  
 In Strength of Pork we shall thy Laws fulfill,  
 No Service L---d, unless our Belly's full.

### After Meat.

Z-----ds, I have been a Warriour all my Life,  
 In an eternal Battle with the Knife;  
 And every Day I have the victory got,  
 Fifty fat Bullocks have gone down my Throat.  
 O were the *Spanish* Forces tender Pullers,  
 My Mouth should Cannon be and all my Teeth be Bullets,  
 There should be Slaughter, Blood and Wounds wi' Speed.  
 By *Jove*, my Belly should take in *Madrid*.  
 When of my Enemies I have got a Load,  
 How would I bless my Belly and my God:  
 For to besiege Plumb-pudding, or a Pye,  
 R-----e me, no such War above the Sky:  
 The Place is strongly fortify'd by Cooks,  
 But Pd advance, and sally thro' its works;  
 Pd cut the Counterscarp, mount the Half-Moon,  
 Pd rather take a Tart, than take a Town.  
 Did not the Heaven-born *Homer* draw *Ulysses*,  
 Cooking his Pudding and his costly Dishes;  
 Its fitter, Faith, a Trade, than taking *Troy*;  
 War wastes the Blood, but Pudding makes the Boy.  
 Our *Christmas*-Terms are most devoutly spent,  
 D-----m the Monkey-Rogue invented Lent,  
 Then we see Goose, and Custard, and the Jeally,  
 So we mind God, because he minds our Belly.  
 I hate the Dron-Days of Abstinence,  
 The Rubrick sure is void of common Sense.

Keep



Keep *English* Christians from their Beef and Boil;  
 Is all a *Papist* Bite, upon my Soul;  
 I'll eat them fairly out, and drink good Liquor,  
 You may be sure, before the very Vicar.  
 L---d put it in K---g G-----E and W-----e's Head,  
 It would be the Glory of his Reign indeed,  
 To lay aside these fasting scurvy Days,  
 Then we should get good Meat, and God should get the  
 [ Praise. ]

F I N I S.





[ 3 ]

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5 Shells 5 Apples 2 Apples 2 Apples  
much more stuff of value a much  
of stuff 2 pocket watch 2 neck rings

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$$\begin{array}{r} 27-0 \\ 00 \\ 9-8 \\ 55 \\ 18 \\ \hline 50 \\ 00 \\ 11 \end{array}$$